... The Quadroon Woman...



By Gellett Burgess and Will Irwin.

(Copyright, 1904, by McClure, Phillips & Co.) ARMED by his copious draughts of wine, stimulated by the comradeship of his fellow adventurers, and his stomach packed to the top corner with rich foods, Prof. Van go left Coffee John's, rejoicing in a brave disregard for the troubles that had been for so long pursuing him. His superstitious terrors had subsided and for a while

He stepped boldly down the street, but it was not long before the ethoes of his footsteps struck him chill with dread. The packing cases upon the curb cast shadows where fearsome things might

He had almost reached East street, when he yielded to his qualms and bolted into the warmin and light of the Bowsprit saloon to drown his forebodings in two schooners of steam beer. So disappeared Coffee John's luck-dime and with it the stimulating effects of his exercitum. Vango's short clow of comfort was how.

It the stimulating effects of his exerdium. Vango's short glow of comfort was, however, but a respite, for shortly after midnight the bar closed and he was sent forth again into the perilous night.

He was pacing up and down the stone arcade of the Ferry building dismally, anticipating the prospect of walking the city streets alone with his curse, when it occurred to him that he might possibly make his way to Gakland. Many a time he had met Mrs. Higgins upon the dock behind the waiting-room and he knew the way well. He dodged siyly up the wagon track round the corper of the baggageroom, to the slip where the steamer Piedmont was waiting to set out on her last trip.

trip.
The crowds went forward upstairs to the protections of the cabin, but Prof. Vango stayed by the afternal alone, where a chain was stretched across the

Open stern.

The thumping paddlewheels, the phosphoroscent waves, and the fey obscurity of the night wrought heavily upon Vango's emotion, and the fumes of alcohol mingled in his brain. He was not happy things went round a bit and he had hard work controlling his thoughts. He watched the stairway suspiciously, feeling sure that the ghost of Mrs. Higgins, if she were to appear, would come that way. In point of fact, a woman did soon descend from the upper deck and stood at the bottom of the stairs in some uncertainty, gasing about her. She soon perceived him and came forward a few steps while he retreated as far away, putting her off with futile gestures. Curious at this exhibition the woman walked up to him with a question on her lips.

She was, in all probability, in search of nothing more than a glass of water, but the medium had no more than time to hear, "Tell me where—" before he had mentally completed the inquiry for her. Appalled, he had jumped over the chain in the stern, and as she approached with that demand piercing his conscience-stricken soul, he shrank back unconsciously. The first step carried him to the extreme end of the boat, the second led him, with a splashing fall, into the bay. The waters closed over him and the stern is the text to the surface, spluttering but seems to the surface open stern.

The thumping paddlewheels, the phos

bay. The waters closed over him and the freamer swept on.

When he came to the surface, spluttering but sober at last in the face of a new and more tangible danger, he heard the rising staccato of a woman's shrick and saw a pyramid of lights fading into the fog. Then he sank again, and all was cold, black and wet. Then he same black and wet.

He rose to the surface in a space clear of mist, dimly lighted by a wisp of moon. A few feet away a fruit-crate bobbed upon the waves in the steamer's wake, and for this he swam. By placing it under his body he found he could float well crough to keep his nose out of the water, tolerably secure from drowning, for a time, at least.

The mist closed in upon him, was swept asunder and shut down again. The current was bearing him toward the harbor entrance he decided, and, as he had fallen overboard about opposite Goat Island, he must by this time be in the fairway, drifting for the Golden Gate and the Pacific.

In Prof. Vango's ears, the sobbles of

on, churning its - a at this sweed straight

or help. No reply came from the boat, nor was anybody to be seen in it, so at ast he made shift to climb aboard and reach the cock-pit.

He had taken but a few steps when his foot struck a soft something extended upon the floor. His teeth chattered with fear as he groped down and made it out to be a human form. That it was a woman, he discovered by the long hair that had overflowed her choulders in crisp waves, and a touch of her body showed that she was alive. He lifted her to a sitting posture on the seat, then loosened her dress at the neck and chated her wrists and temples. Her breath soon came in gasps; she sighed heavily and sat erect, with a shudder. She gazed into his face in the dimness, then cast her eyes over the boat and fell to weeping.

So, for some time, the launch, carrying its two wretched passengers, and what more Vango daired not guess, plunged on insanely through the fog.

Suddenly the swing of the choppy sea flung the woman full length acroes the sea and brought her to her senses. She need on the season of the choppy sea flung the woman full length acroes the sea and brought her to her senses. She pered curlously at the medium, who was silient from very terror.

"Where are we?" Where, in heaven's He had taken but a few steps when his

peered curlously at the select from very terror.
"Where are we? Where, in heaven's name, did you come from?" she cried sharply, and she approached him with a

sharply, and she approached him searching gaze.

Trickster that he was, he sought some wile to outwit her. He mumbled something about having fallen off Fishermen's

thing about having fallen off Fishermen's wharf.

She stumbled to the cuddy under the seat and brought out a lantern and a box of matches. With these she obtained a light and held it flaring in Vango's face. I don't know who you are, she said, 'but you've got to help me get this boat back, Are you armed?'

The medium made an emphatic denial, for the woman's face was sternly set. She was indubitably a quadroon, by evidence of her creamy, swarthy skin and the tight curis of her hair.

"Come aft and help me with the machinery," she commanded, "We can't keep on, heaven knows where, at full gneed backward through weather like this. Fi-fi, now, and mind your fact!"

They went to the tiny engine where, fumbling with the levers and stop-cocks, she brought the machinery to a stop. The

Fi-fi, now, and mind your feet."

They went to the thy engine where, fumbling with the levers and stop-cocks, she brought the machinery to a stop. The silence crowded down upon them, as if someone had just died. Vango noticed that the woman kept between him and the starboard rall with some secret intent, and, as the two eyed each other, he caught sight of a revolver swinging from her belt. He saw something else also, that made his heart stop beating for an instant, and then the quadroon held up her hand and listened attentively.

"Do you hear a bell?" she asked.

Scarcely had she spoken when in the distance a fog whistle sang out across the water, and through the flying scud a yellow light winked and went out.

"We're right off Alcatraz." she said. "Here, you stand by this lever and mind my orders. Watch, now, how I do it. Way forward for full speed ahead, way back to reverse, and midway to stop; and turn off the naphtha at this throttle. I'll take to reverse, and midway to stop; and turn off the naphtha at this throttle. I'll take to reverse, and midway to stop; and two fifth the househ forward to the wheel and the lunch forged ahead, and let me know the instant you see a light, or anything."

She went forward to the wheel and the lunch forged ahead at half speed with Vango shuddering at the engine. But it was not only the piercing wind that froze him stiff as he stood, for there was a ghastly horror aboard that was simost unbearable. As the woman had stood by the engine, swinging her lantern to show the working of the machinery, the light had sought out one corner after another, and, though she had stood between, the rays fell once upon an object protruding from beneath the seat. It was a foot, there was no mistaking the outline, although the light had touched it but for an instant. With all his resolution he put the sight out of his mind and said no word to her, for her eyes terrified him, and he dared not question.

At last, in the gray of the dawn, the launch arrived at Hunter's point and the needium's eye

want to know who you are and all about

In a few stuttering syllabies he cold her his story, persisting with a children fatuity in the deceit he had already begun and weiding to it bits of truth from the strange procession of events that had carried him through the past few months. When he mentioned the fact that he was a medium, he noticed a change in the woman's attitude immediately. His cunning awoke and the sharper began to assert himself, following this clue, telling of how many persons he had aided with his wonderful clurroyant powers and the success. ierful clairvoyant powers and the success

you can trust, and she gives me the letter V.' He's a dark-complected man with a beard, and there'll me money a comin' to him through your help."
Having trembled again, and sighed himself back to life, the medium turned to her drowsily, as if he had just been called from bed. "Oh, what was I sayin'? I must have went into a trance."
The quadroon was in a high tromor of suspense. "What is your name? You never told me," she demanded.
"My name?" he repeated, with a baby stare. "Vango, Professor Vango, Why? "Then you're the man," she cried. "Come. Help me to take the body ashore, for we must get him to Chinatown as quickly as the Lord will let us."
He waited till she had jumped into the boat and had laid her hand to the corpse, and then he snatched for the paper and waved it in the air. "Did you day it was a scrap of red paper you lost?"
She sprang at him and looked closely. "This is the very piece I wanted! Wong Yet is one of them!" she cried. "Now my poor husband can be avenged! God bless you, Professor, you have proved your part of the message is true, and I reckon I'll prove mine. Find the other half of this piece of paper for me, you can de it easy with your spirit guides, and I'll give you \$1000 for it."
They etooped over the dead Chinaman, and, with Professor Vango at the shoulders and the quadroon at the knees, the corpse was carried up the landing stage and along the pier to the shed. Here was hitched a pitifully dirty white horse, harnessed to a disreputable covered laundry wason, spattered with adobe mud. Into this equipage they loaded the remains, piled the case in the rear and buttoned down the curtuins. Then the woman mounted, with Vango, to the seat and drove for the Potrero.

As they turned into the San Bruno road the quadroon began her promised confession. She could not proceed calmily, but was swept with alternate passions of sorrow and rage. The medium, however, unmoved by her suffering, eyed her craitilly, watching his chance to feed upon her superstitious hopes.

The Story of the Quadroon Woman.

I recken you don't guess a colored per-son can hate white folks as much as white folks hate niggers, but they do, semetimes, and I despise a white man more than if I were a sure-enough black

woman.
My daddy was born fairer than a good many white trash Some folks never knew he was a mulatto. My ma died when I was born Daddy wanted me to be educated, so I was sent to the Tuske-gee institute, where I learned nursing. After that we lived a little way out of Mobile, and were right happy for a good while.

bile, and were right happy for a good while.

Well, about two years back there was an awful crime committed near our place and all the whites went pretty near crazy. Daddy was innecent, of course, but if he'd been guilty I'd have stood up for him, just the same. He was palt in jail, and they got up a mob to lynch'him. I got wind of it just in time. There was a Sheriff's deputy who was fond of me and he and I managed to get daddy out and started West.

I had no idea just where Daddy had gone, till one day I was looking over the Mobile Register, and I come on a "Personal" that made me prick up my ears. It looked like it might have been written by my Daddy for me to see. It was addressed "Aber," and when I turned the word backward, the way you do sometimes with funny sounding words, I saw it made my own name, Reba. It read like this:

"Aber—Shall answer no further re-

it made my own name, Reba. It read like this:

"Aber—Shall answer no further requests, as nobody can identify. Sheriff called off.

Now, Odod was just Dodo backward; that was my pet name for Daddy when it was little. The word "sheriff seemed likely, but I couldn't understand that about "requests." Then I thought to read the first letters of each word, like the atrostics Daddy and I used to work out together in the Youth's Companion, and there it was, easy. Just "San Francisco." Then I knew Daddy was sate in California and he wanted me to come on.

I packed right up and bought a teket, hoping to find him somehow when I got there. I didn't think anybody would suspicien my leaving, but I had no idea how crust white folks can be till I had gone too far to come back. Just after we left New Orizans I thought I saw a man following me. I wasn't quite certain till we changed cars at El Paso, but then I knew he was a sure-enough detective.

Talk about bloodhounds! That man never loft me out of his sight for a minute. He sat in the corner with his hat pulled over his face, and I could just feel his eyes boring a hole in my back. First thing I did after I got to the Golden West hotel was to mail a personal to the Herald. It read like this:
"Odod—Any money will assist the cause. Help carnestly desired. We are in trouble.

"ABER."

I knew if he saw this message ho'd see

It meant "Am watched Walt"
Well, I can't tell you half what I went
through that first week, with the detective
turning up everywhere I went, till I was
afeared I'd die of the strain. Sometimes turning up everywhere I went, till I was afeared I'd die of the strain. Sometimes i just feil like murdering him to get him out of the way. I didn't care so much for myzelf, but I was in mortal terror less he'd catch sight of Daddy and arrest him. I watched my chance, and one night I went to bed early, leaving word at the office to be called at 5 next morning. Then, at 2 o'clock. I got up and went out, leaving all my things in the hotel.

I took a room down on Third street, near Minna, and for three weeks I was mighty careful whee's I went, waiting for the deputy to leave town. I got a few jobs of nursing, so I pald my way for a spell; then I just couldn't stand it a day more, and I risked getting word to Daddy. So I put another personal in the paper, telling him, the same way as before, to meet me at the old Globe hotel, in Chinatown, next night.

I walted on the steps, keeping a sharp eye out for Daddy. But I hadn't been there more than ten minutes before I saw—not my dear old Dodo—but the detective, who had followed me all the way West. I ran down the steps and walked up Dupont street as fast as I dared, never looking round once nor letting on I had seen him.

When I got to the corner of Washington street, only a matter of a block away, I ran smack into a man. He grabbed me

into a pierein gaze. "Beside, you got murder on you! I see a red aura hover in over you like you had blood to be called addy and arrest kinn when you like you had blood to have the company of the company." At this the quadroon burst out, "At this the quadroon burst out," "At you said, with unction.
"Till tell you everything if you'll only roomise to help me, I am impocent of an important of a the party. Vanys said, with unction.
"Till tell you everything if you'll only roomise to help me, I am impocent of an important of the least, the party of the least, pointed allently to the least, pointed allently to the look." Look at him: she said.

After a herole conflict with his repus. The look of the corps of the look. The conflict with his repus. The look of the corps of the look. The conflict with his repus. The look of the corps of the look of the corps of the look." The look of up at the woman with fear in his eyes and asked: ""I was any husband," she said, and here she choked her. "We must get him ashors and but him in the house, and they was the look." I was the party turning out from the cloom. She cocked at the pler.

As Yango disembarked and prepared to how own any quickly stopped him, the quadroon was a large wooden case in the bow. "List must go all the latent him while you was a large wooden case in the bow." I will must go above a house of the latent him, and faced her to provent her even in the look of the corps of the latent him, and faced her to prevent the repus him and the was a latent him, and faced her to report the party of the look of the latent him was a constitution of a large wooden case in the bow. "List must go all the man and faced her to prevent her even in the look of the latent him the house and then the wood of the look of the look of the look of the l

of stairs. I kept my eyes open sharp, looking everywhere for Daddy.

Then we turned a corner, went down some steps and came to a padlocked door. My guide unlocked it, put me outside on a platform, whistled and left me, after saying: "You keep still; bimeby you catch him!" Then I heard his footsteps going back into the building.

I was alone on an cutside balcony, looking down into a dark alley, three floors below.

After awhile a door opened and a man

ling down into a dark alley, three floors below.

After awhile a door opened and a man beckoned to me. We went through a little hall with doors on each side and dark passages leading off every which way, and down these, in and out till I was more confused than ever, and then finally he knocked at a little door. It was opened and I was, pushed inside.

It was a tiny box of a room, low and narrow. On a broad bunk at one side two Chinese actors in costumes were lying, smoking opium pipes. Leastways, I thought they were Chinamen, but as soon as the door was shut one jumped up and took me in his arms. I screamed and fought to get away, but he called me Roba, and I knew it was Daddy. No wonder I didn't recognize him before. He had on a wig with a long queue, and a gold embroidered costume, and his face was painted in a hideous fashion, with his ness all white and streaks under his eyes.

eyes.

After I had kissed half the paint off his face he told me what had happened.

Daddy had been in San Francisco long enough to get pretty well acquainted with Chinatown. He had kept around there from the first, to escape notice, and he had got to be mighty good friends withome of the actors who spoke English fairly well. When he was chased by the detective he made straight for Moy Klp's room, and asked to hide out. The Chinese are used to fooling the police, and Kip just threw a gown over Daddy's shoulders, painted his face and put him on the optium bunk. When the officer went through the actors' rooms he looked in, but didn't see any more than I saw at first. Then Moy Kip watched me through the little window over the stage and as soon as the detective left the place they sent for me.

Daddy and I were taken to a room three stories under the sidewalk, where we hid for a week, going upstairs at meal times! It was just like one big family of about eighty men, but only one or two women. But living Chinese fashion, without sunlight or decent food, didn't agreee with Daddy at all and he fell sick. It wasn't cally the air that was alling him. It was the fear of capture, too, and with all the hardships and worry his fever got steadily worse. He was always worrying about semening when he was delirious, and I couldn't make out quite what it was about till one day, just before the end, when his mind cleared, and he told me. Moy Kip wanted to marry a Chinaman, but, beling an actor, he belonged to almost the lowest coats. Undertakers and barbers and boatmen are the only ones below. Actors can't even mix equally with ordinary coolies. Beside, Kip being the principal 'while face' actor or comedian, the munch for fear he'd be kidnapped by hish-binders and held for ransom. If I married him, the life would be something any coolies. Beside, Kip being the principal 'while face' actor or comedian, the munch for fear he'd be kidnapped by hish-binders and held for ransom. If I married him, the life would be something and the si

Ikee Moy Kip? You mally me, please?"
So, after a while, I ended by accepting him, and I have never been sorry since. But it was not till the carriage took me from my old rooms and the slave woman had carried me on her back up the stairs and into Moy Kip's home (so that I should not stumble on the threshold and bring bad luck) that I found out how much difference the marriage was going to make to my husband. For I wasn't taken to the theater at all, but to a little set of rooms in Spofford alley. When he came in to meet me, dressed like a prince in his lilac blouse and green trousers. I asked him how it happened he header fitted up a room for me in the theater.

hash't fitted up a room for me in the theater.

Seems like he reckoned I had brought rim luck, for he had paid the manager for the right to quit acting, and he was going to try and get into a more respectable business. In China, of course, he would have had to go on being an actor, and his sons after him; but Chinatown here is different, and it's getting to lose some of the old strictness.

What Moy Kip was going to do was to smuggle oplum. He'd been wanting to go into it for a long time, but he had nobody to help him at it, nobody he could trust, that is. With me to take hold, he reck-

oned he could make right smart meney.

We bought a naphtha launch and it with nets and truck, like we were ting. If anybody wanted to inspect and Kip had fixed the stewards on a every China steamer coming into They bought the stuff in five tael and packed it in bales with lines floats, iropping it overboard as the crossed the bar. Then all we had twas to cruise around in the launch pick up the floats and haul in the it was my part of the business to pose of the oplum after we had ginto town. I seld it to a German, distributed it through Chinatown.

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